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From the Zanesville Gazette. The Lost Heart.

A heart was lost, nor could be found
Among the treasures of the skies;
A heart was lost; the world had found
The rare and costly prize.
Tears of sorrow dimmed the eye,
Of spirits bright above,
A heart had strayed its pathway high
Without the pale of Love.

'Twas quick and warm and loving too,
Once throbbled in life as pure
As a star in heaven's mild blue,
Afar from earthly sin secure.
In it was stored the pure and good,
The gifts of heaven lay;
A bower it was amid the wood,
Where Love dwelt all the day.

It was a flower in beauty born
To cheer the passer-by;
A budding rose without a thorn
With fragrance from on high.
It was a beautiful bird of song
So sweetly trilled its lay,
And amid earth's busy throng
E'er poured its melody.

A heart is lost, nor can be found
Recorded in the Book of Life,
The lost and the dizzy road
Of the world's tumultuous strife.
A heart lost, oh! can it be
That hearts are lost forever,
Nor from sin's blackened sea
Return to virtue never?

The erring heart, it may be lost
Amid the snares of earth,
And on the wave of Time be tossed
Forget its heavenly birth;
But there is a beacon light;
A light to wanderers given;
Whose beams illumine the night,
And point the heart to heaven.

[From Graham's Magazine.]

MARION'S OATH A Tale of the Revolution.

BY CHAS. J. PETERSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Every man knows best how to buckle his own belt," said Marion, as he looked at his sword, which he had just received from the armorer in the latter part of the year 1780. "Yes, sir, and the baggage and horses are ready," was the reply of a stalwart youth, whose dress betokened a condition removed from that of an ordinary militia man, and partaking of that of a familiar though humble companion. "I think we can give them the slip, sir—Lord! how I wish for a crack at these fellows! and once with Marion, we'll not long want an opportunity."

"Be in waiting for me at midnight, then," said the first speaker; and as Macdonald retired, he threw himself back again in his chair, and fixing his eyes on the floor, he resigned himself to the abstraction of which he had been roused.

Howard Preston, the hero of our story, had just returned from Europe, where he had been fulfilling the injunctions of his father's will, by a course of study and travel until his twenty-fourth year. The first great sorrow of his life had been his parting, at sixteen, with the only child of his guardian, Kate Mowbray, when a lovely little girl, who for years had been his pet and playmate. Many were the tears she shed at the separation, and faithfully did she promise not to forget her boy-lover.

Such childish preferences usually end with youth; but it was not so in the present instance. With every letter from abroad came a gift for Kate, which she required by some trifle worked by her own hands. But as years elapsed, and Kate approached womanhood, these presents were no longer returned, and Preston, piqued at what he thought neglect, began gradually to confine himself to his letters home, to a cold inquiry after her health, instead of devoting, as heretofore, two-thirds of the epistle to her. Yet he thought of America without also thinking of Kate; and when he landed at Charleston, a month before our tale begins, he was wondering into what kind of woman she had grown up.

Still his old feeling of pique was uppermost, when shown into her father's magnificent parlor; and this, combined with his astonishment at seeing a graceful and high-bred woman announced as his old playmate, lent an air of coldness and embarrassment to his greetings. Whether it was this or some other cause we are unable to say, however, Kate, who was advancing eagerly, suddenly checked herself, colored, and put on all her dignity. The interview, so unexpectantly begun, was short and formal, and to Preston, at least, unsatisfactory. He had expected, in spite of their mutual misapprehension, that Kate would meet him as a rapidly grown woman. He overlooked, also, the effect his own restraint might have produced.

Thus he returned to his lodgings, disaffected and angry, half disposed to dislike, yet half compelled to admire, the beautiful and dazzling creature from whom he had just parted. The truth was, Preston, though hitherto ignorant of it, had loved his old playmate from boyhood. This had made him feel her neglect more acutely, and this had led him secretly to hope that her welcome on his return would heal the past. No wonder he went home angry, yet quite as much in love as ever!

Preston and Kate often met after this, but they seemed destined to misunderstand each other. Kate was really ignorant of the mischief she had done. She had come down to meet him with a heart full of the memories of other days, and, if the truth may be told, a little nervous and anxious, how he, of whom she had so often thought in secret, would receive her. His proud demeanor had chilled her. Nor on subsequent occasions were their interviews more satisfactory.

Indeed, Kate was puzzled and vexed at Preston's manner. No one could, at times, be more interesting; yet no one was so often haughty and disagreeable. Kate sighed to think how changed he had become; then she was angry at herself for sighing.

Kate was accordingly no wayward as he was, and who, indeed, had greater excuse? Rich and well born, beautiful and high-spirited, she was positively the reigning belle in Charleston during the whole of that gay winter. To a complexion delicately fair, and a person of the most exquisite proportions, she united those graces of mind and manner, which, in that courtly day, were considered the unerring accompaniments of high breeding.

Report awarded to her numbers of unsuccessful suitors; but all had tacitly resigned their claims in favor of Major Lindsay, an English officer of noble blood, between whom and an ardent one there was only a single life.

The arrival of the Major anticipated that of Preston about a month, and when our hero returned, he found his rival almost domesticated at Mr. Mowbray's house. Jealousy soon revealed to Preston the secret of his own long-hidden love; but it made him heartily hate the Major. The two gentlemen seemed to understand each other perfectly. But the Englishman knew better than his rival, how to suppress his feelings, and accordingly possessed every advantage over him in superior ease and self-command. Had Kate wished otherwise, she could not but have given the larger share of her attention to the graceful, brilliant, and composed man of fashion, rather than to his more irritable and wayward rival; whom a fancied slight, in word or look, was sufficient to make him dumb for a whole evening. Depend on it, the worst possible use to which a lover can put himself, is to be sulky.

Perhaps it was the enmity he nourished against his more successful rival; perhaps it was the natural indignation of a frank and noble heart against oppression; perhaps, which is more natural, it was both combined. But Preston had not been long at home before he formed the resolution to take part with his countrymen in the war then going on; and the sudden appearance of General Marion on the scene, where he began a partisan conflict with the invaders, opened to him a favorable way for carrying out his design, which Preston only postponed until he could part from Kate on better terms.

He flattered himself that she herself was secretly on the side of the Colonists, for her father had once held a commission under the Provisional Government; although since the fall of Charleston, and the apparent conquest of the Colony, he, like many others, had been induced to take a royal protection, and ground his arms as a neutral.

One morning Preston found Kate alone in her little parlor. It was rare that she was without visitors, for Major Lindsay at least was usually at her side. Kate wore a pretty morning dress, and was sewing, her little tiny feet rested on a cushioned stool, peeping provocatively out from beneath the snowy muslin. A woman admires, never looks lovelier than when occupied in this truly feminine employment; and as Kate looked on, she felt a pang of jealousy, and she sighed.

"Do you indeed?" said Preston, his whole face lighting up, and he took her hand by an impulse he could no longer resist.

At that moment the words which would have decided his fate, were rising to Preston's lips, and Kate, as if secretly forewarned, began to tremble and become confused, when the door was flung open, and the servant in a loud voice announced Major Lindsay.

If any of our readers have ever been interrupted when about to declare himself, and had to come plump down from rapture to foolishness, he can imagine Preston's chagrin at the entrance of the visitor. However, he had tact enough to think of Kate's embarrassment, and as he rose to make his bow, he placed himself so as to conceal her for a moment, and allow her time to recover from her confusion.

The Major gave both parties, on the instant, a suspicious glance, but his softest smile immediately succeeded, and with easy assurance taking the seat Preston had vacated, such as would have done honor to any gallant of the day, inappreciable at compliments and snuff-boxes. Preston was angry at this unceremonious supplanting, but even more angry to see how quickly Kate recovered herself, and dashed out into the strife of repartee, with a spirit and ease even superior to the Major's. Preston chafed, and thought she might have been a little less interested.

At first he was silent and reserved, then he began to be uneasy, and once or twice he yielded to his irritability in words. He cursed his folly for imagining, as he did, five minutes before, that she thought more of him than she did of others. He fired his

eyes half frowningly, half contemptuously at Kate. She colored immediately, he thought, with conscious guilt. The next instant she turned haughtily away, and addressed the Major.

Now, for the first time, Preston became convinced of the existence of the engagement respecting which he had heard so much. Burning with mortification, after sitting a few seconds, during which Kate did not once address him, he arose and abruptly took his leave.

"She loves him!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Dazzled by the glitter of a coronet, she casts aside her old and tried friend, like a worn out trinket. Oh! God! it was for this I listened home? was it for this I treasured her memory through long years?"

For hours he remained alone, now pacing his chamber with rapid strides, now burying his face moodily in his hands. He recalled all his various interviews with Kate, and strove to remember her every word and look: the result was to curse himself for his egotism, and to fancy for a moment that she loved him. But after awhile his feelings grew less exasperated. He reflected on Kate's manner that morning, before the arrival of Major Lindsay, and hope once more dawned in his bosom.

"I will lose no time," he said, "in learning my fate decisively. I shall see Kate at her aunt's ball, and her manner there will determine my suspense. If she is cold and haughty, I will understand that she wants to rebuke my presumption this morning. In that case, I will trifle here no longer, but at once join General Marion. Macdonald, my brother, loves me too well to desert me, but he has been crazy to begone this fortnight past. I will order him to get a pass and have every thing ready in case of the worst, which my fears forbodes."

It was after arriving at this determination, and receiving Macdonald's message, that Preston gave himself up to his melancholy, nor did he rise from his desponding position until it was time to dress for Mrs. Blakey's ball.

The sound of gay music, the flashing of diamonds and the flitting of light forms met his sight as he entered the ball room; but he had eyes only for one object; and he soon sought out Kate amid her crowd of admirers. Never had she looked so transcendently lovely. It is thought a mark of taste and fashion now-a-days to laugh at the enormous hoops and powdered hair of our grandmothers; but let us tell you good reader, that a belle of the present age, with her deformed toupure and Dutch amplitude of skirt, though she may create a sort of matter of fact generation, never awakens that deep sentiment of adoption, that respectful awe-struck Sir Charles Grandison feeling, bestowed on the beauty of the last century, arrayed in silver tulle and high-heeled shoes. The very stickler for modern ease would have given up the point on seeing Kate.

She wore as was then the custom, a petticoat of rich brocade, a single yard of which cost more than the twenty silken laces stringed about by a beauty now. Over this was a robe of white satin, made high on the shoulders, but opening in front so as to expose to reveal the swelling bust, and especially the richly gemmed stomacher and glittering petticoat. The edge of this robe from the neck down was trimmed with a quilting of blue ribbon, which was also continued around the bottom. The tight sleeve, with bands like the trimming of the robe, reached to the elbow; and the deep ruffle of Valenciennes lace which nearly hid the round white arm, lightened with rare art the beauties it effected to conceal. Her hair was gathered back from the forehead, richly powdered, and trimmed exquisitely with blue ribbon. Now, there be any heretical repudiator of the past, denying the brilliancy that powder gives a fair complexion, we wish he would go and look at one of Coply's portraits, or—what is better—could have seen Kate then! We throw his mouth would have watered. We doubt if justice is done to these good old times. Ah! those were the days of courtly dames and high-bred cavaliers—when the stately minute still held sway—when gentlemen bowed reverently over the hand they scarcely dared to kiss—and when it was the crowning felicity of a whole evening's devotion to hand a partner to the tulle by the tips of the fingers. Now-a-days people bounce through frisky quadrills, while gallants tuck the arm of a mistress under the arm as easily as an old codger would his umbrella.

Preston was advancing towards Kate, when a buzz of admiration announced that Major Lindsay was about to lead her forth to the minuet. He won accordingly only a hasty courtesy in reply to his bow. He was meanwhile subjected to the mortification of hearing from a dozen by-standers the rumors of Kate's engagement to the Major; and one or two officiously applied to him to confirm the rumor, knowing his intimacy with the family. When the dance was concluded, which attracted general admiration, Major Lindsay remained at Kate's side. Never before had Preston noticed such meaning and delicate allusion in his attentions. Between the incidents of the morning and those of the evening, no wonder Preston's anger continued unabated. Still he made several attempts to obtain a moment's tête-à-tête with Kate; but a crowd of her admirers frustrated this. At length towards the close of the ball, he approached her.

"Come to bid you farewell," he said abruptly, "to-morrow I leave Charleston."

"Leave Charleston?" repeated a dozen voices in dismay. "What shall we do without you?" Kate alone betrayed neither surprise nor emotion. "Ah! indeed?" was her unceremonious reply.

Preston turned pale with suppressed mortification at this indifference; "more friendly," he said to himself, "demanded some expression of regret, at least." His feelings were not allayed by what followed.

"You are not going to join Marion, are you?" said Major Lindsay, in a tone of triumphant banter, little imagining how near he was to the truth. "Has he frightened you by the great oath he has sworn to re-venge his nephew who was shot for a rebel? I hear he threatens some mighty deed. I wish you were doing anything with that, instead of just saying 'farewell'."

"I see how it is. Then women are always getting a man into trouble. For my part, I'll be a bachelor. Marrying is like getting tips; very pleasant except for the after-remembrance."

CHAPTER II.

"Brave men there are by broad Santee! Brave men with hoary hairs, Their hearts are all with Marion, With Marion are their prayers."

BYAST.

The period of which we write was one that will ever be memorable in the annals of our country. Never had the fortunes of the patriots been at so low an ebb in the south, as between the defeat of Gates at Camden, and the invasion of Cornwallis into North Carolina. After the fall of Charleston no time had been lost in overrunning the colony. All organized resistance being at an end, a proclamation was published, inviting the citizens to return to his majesty's government, and stipulating for little more on their part than neutrality. Large numbers, even of the Whigs, accepted these terms; and had Cornwallis adhered to his promises, then indeed might liberty have been dispirited. But the royal leader soon threw off the mask, and required all who had accepted the protection, as it was called, to declare themselves openly on the royal side, and in the further prosecution of the war. Finding themselves thus basely deceived, many men to arms; but such, wherever captured, were executed as rebels. The fate of Col. Hayne, who was put to death at Charleston under these circumstances, was but a type of that of hundreds of lesser note, who perished often without a trial.

The war meanwhile was carried on with savage ferocity. Plantations were laid waste, negroes carried off—houses given to the flames. The seven vials of wrath were poured out on South Carolina. Instances of cruelty without number are left on record. One may suffice.

An innocent Quaker who took care of a sentry's musket for a few minutes while the soldier went on an errand, was seized for this pretended crime and thrown into prison. His wife hurried to the jail to see him. She was told to wait a few minutes and the rebel officer had shown within the last few days, Major Lindsay had attributed, in his own mind, to a desire on the part of Preston to dazzle his mistress; but Kate's behaviour towards himself had been so flattering, in comparison to that bestowed on others, that until this moment, he had consoled himself with the thought that these exploits had been thrown away. He was, therefore, silent and moody; and the conversation ceased.

Gradually, one by one, the visitors thinned

cible tattered demoralizations. Fallstaff's ragged regiment over again!"

"Take care that you are not one of those to pay the penalty of Marion's oath," retorted Preston, stung by the insolence of his successful rival, and reckless of what he said. "It was a foul deed and will be terribly revenged."

Major Lindsay flushed to the brow, and his hand mechanically sought his sword hilt; but he controlled himself immediately, and said with a sneer—

"That might be called sedition, only we know you to be a man of peace, Mr. Preston. But he is certainly Marion, bit, is he not?" and he turned to Kate.

Now Kate felt piqued at this unceremonious leave of her lover, as well as at his haughty conduct in the morning. She fancied herself untried with, and answered cuttingly—

"Never fear Mr. Preston's joining Marion. Our American gentlemen on both sides are but eager knights of late. They resemble the Spanish Pizarro, who, good soul would not stir a step until a rich island was promised for his share."

Preston lingered in every vein at this speech which he regarded as aimed at himself. He bowed sarcastically to Kate, and glanced angrily at Major Lindsay, as he replied: "One might almost be tempted to join Marion after this, in order to raise the reputation of American bravery, since just now British bravery has died hard."

"Oh! pray," said Kate laughing, "play the Atlas for the patriots then. That's a good mood; be the St. George to destroy the British dragon."

Major Lindsay looked for a moment as if he thought for a moment there was more in this than met the ear, but he contented himself with retorting on Preston—

"Go by all means, and if you take Bob-dill's plan you may defeat a whole army yourself. You know he proposed to challenge a single enemy and slay him; then challenge a second and slay him; then a third and dispose of him also, and so on until the whole army was annihilated."

Kate as well as the rest, laughed at this sally. Preston needed but this to complete his anger and disgust. The field, he saw, was his rival's and he was glad when other persons approached and broke up the colloquy, which to tell the truth was getting too personal. But Kate was piqued and Preston enraged; and as for the major, seeing a quarrel between his rival and mistress he strove to widen the breach.

Preston hurried from the ball-room, and taking time only to change his dress, repaired to the rendezvous where Macdonald awaited him. Without a word he flung himself into the saddle, and his companion, imitating his example, they were soon on their way. They had passed the outpost for some time, when Macdonald, pushing his horse close to Preston's, opened the conversation.

"We are clear of that confounded town at last, thank Heaven!" he said, "and I for one, ain't sorry. Then Englishmen are as saucy as princes, and think nobody has any courage but themselves. But I know one stout fellow who can snuff a candle with his rifle at two hundred yards, and before a week we'll have a rap at them, for I suppose you go direct to Marion's camp."

Preston nodded a gloomy assent, for buried in his own thoughts he could not be disturbed. Macdonald saw this, and defeated in his attempt to open a conversation, dropped back, but when out of hearing, muttered:

"I see how it is. Then women are always getting a man into trouble. For my part, I'll be a bachelor. Marrying is like getting tips; very pleasant except for the after-remembrance."

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lous powers of intelligence—whose notions were quick as lightning—who dealt blows, now here, now there, and at points least expected—and who, by a series of rapid and brilliant successes, soon made his name a terror to the British. Volunteers flocked in crowds to his standard. His boldness and gallantry filled the colony with astonishment and rejoicing. Whenever a surprise took place—whenever a convoy was cut off—whenever a gallant deed was unexpectedly done, men said that Marion had been there.

Preston had succeeded in raising a troop, for his name was an influential one in his neighborhood, and he was soon one of Marion's most trusted adherents. A man who is willing to throw his life away on every occasion, speedily acquires the reputation of daring and bravery. The country around the Santee, which was the chief scene of his exploits, rung with the name of our hero. Nor was his foster brother, now a sergeant in Preston's troop, and one of Marion's nearest scouts, without his share of renown.

Meanwhile the society of Charleston had suffered considerable diminution. Many of the royal officers were absent with their commands, and a large portion of the gentry had retired to their estates. Among those who remained, Mr. Mowbray, who secretly meditated joining the continental side again, Kate, too, was absent with her aunt, at the estate of the latter.

To this place the course of our story now carries us. Mr. Blakey's mansion had heretofore escaped the visitations of war, but within a few days a detachment under Col. Watson encamped on the plantation, when a body of Marion's men, conspicuous among whom was Capt. Preston, made their appearance, and daily harassed the British officer, by cutting off his communications, assailing his pickets, and sometimes even beating up his camp.

One evening Kate was sitting sewing with her aunt in the parlor, conversing with Col. Watson, and several of his officers, who were their guests, when the servant came in with the candles. Old Jacob, as he was called, filled the office of butler in the family, and was quite a character. He was a big, fat, heart, and cordially disliked his mistress's compulsory visitors. Having been his deceased master's personal servant, he had thus acquired a footing of familiarity which allowed him to have his joke even at the table where he waited. He piqued himself, moreover, on what he thought his breeding and fine diction. He was a source of constant amusement to the British officers, who, however, found him sometimes their overmatch in repartee.

"Well, Jacob, what news?" said Major Lindsay. "Any more rebels captured?"

Old Jacob turned, bowed his head profoundly, and showing his teeth in a broad grin, said:

"Dar is no news yet, sar, dat I know on, but 'spos there will be some afore morning, for, sar, Captain Preston will beat up your quarters as usual; and den, how do de coasts ran?"

Kate looked up archly, yet colored when she caught the major's eye. That personage but his lip, and remarked—

"Never mind Capt. Preston, he'll be our prisoner very soon. Has the flag of truce come back?"

"Oh! yes, sar," said old Jacob, his face radiant with delight. "Hab'n't you heard? Dat great news, sar. 'Spos you know sarge Macdonald?"

"What of him?" said the major, beginning to suspect that he was cutting a ridiculous figure. "He's a savage. Why, he shot Lieut. Torriani yesterday three hundred yards off."

"Dat he did," said the old butler, waxing glib and eloquent, "he hit de lieutenant judiciously, I assure you. But dat is no de news. You know sarge Macdonald sent in word, t'other day, dat if his baggage, took in the sally, was not recorded immediately to him again, he would kill eight of your men. You know dat? To day de baggage was sent back, for dat sarge bet de berry debbil, and now he send word dat, since his baggage is recorded punctiliously he will only kill four of your men!" And the speaker, though too well bred to laugh at what he considered so good a joke, grinned from ear to ear.

"The eximball!" said Lindsay, shrugging his shoulders, "but what can be expected of the men when their leaders countenance the firing on pickets?"

"Yet you hang them for rebels," said Kate with spirit.

"They shoot down officers," continued Lindsay, not thinking it advisable to reply to her palpable hint, "as if this Marion said for them at so much a head. I never saw such unchristian fighting. They are a set of bores; and cowards at heart, all of them, I'll be sworn."

"Cowards they are not," said Kate, her eyes flashing to hear her countrymen thus stigmatized. "At least you did not seem to think them such when Capt. Preston, at the head of his troops, dashed up to your lines, and challenged you to fight singly or otherwise. I heard myself the alarm with which the soldiers cried, 'Here comes Preston again.'"

Col. Watson and himself were left. The Colonel and Mrs. Blakey had sat down to a game of cards in a distant corner of the apartment. Here was an opportunity to decide his fate. It might be the last time he would find Kate alone, for the camp was expected to move in a few days. The occasion was not to be neglected, and, doubtful as he felt of the issue, he arose, and leaning over her, said, in a low voice:

"I fear, my dear Miss Mowbray, that I offended you by what I said of Capt. Preston. I forgot, for a moment, that he was an old playmate of yours. You cannot tell how pained I am that anything I said should have displeased you."

"It matters little—I am not at all displeased," said Kate, keeping her eyes on her work, her heart beating violently. "Capt. Preston needs no defender in me, nor asks me. I but spoke generally in behalf of my countrymen."

Major Lindsay saw her embarrassment, and, misinterpreting the cause, drew a favorable omen from it.

"You relieve my heart from a load," he said. "I could bear anything rather than your displeasure. Indeed you must long have seen how I loved you. Nay, do not rise from the table. I worship the very ground you tread on—my life itself is bound up in your smiles—all I have, heart, fortune, reputation, I lay at your feet."

He would have continued in the same impassioned strain, but Kate, summoning all her self-command, rose with dignity.

"It pains me to hear this, Major Lindsay," she said. "I will be frank. That you sought my society, I saw, but that you loved me I never believed."

The face of Major Lindsay flushed, but he controlled his features, and detained her as she would have moved away.

"Do not bid me despair," he said. "In time I may be allowed to hope. Let me fancy that my devotion may at last win me your fair hand."

"No time can alter my sentiments," said Kate, coldly.

"I will serve you as for a second Rachel," and the major still detained her.

"Nay! I can listen to no more. You forget yourself," said Kate severely.

At this instant, and before Major Lindsay could reply, Kate saw that her aunt had finished the game of cards, and was coming toward her. The major with chagrin turned away. He would have given worlds if the tale a tale could have been protracted, for then he would have endeavored to discover if Kate really loved Preston, or was indifferent to him.

"Rejected, by George!" he muttered. "But I must have her, however," he soliloquized. "She is too lovely, too charming altogether, to be sacrificed on a provincial. What a sensation she would create at court! Then she is heiress to one of the best properties in this colony, and since my cousin has married again, there is no telling how many lives may come in between impoverished me and the earldom. By Jove! I wish this Preston had remained abroad a little longer, or that he would get knocked over in some skirmish. I wouldn't hesitate to give him his coup de grace myself, if I had a chance. But he shan't foil me. I will have Kate in spite of him. What a delicious creature she is! What eyes! what an arm!"

Major Lindsay met Kate the ensuing day with an unaltered brow and without embarrassment. If there was any change in his demeanor, it was perceptible only to the assumption of greater deference toward her than before. Not Lord Orville himself, the *preux chevalier* of Evreux, could have shown more tact and delicacy in bestowing those thousand little attentions which go so far toward winning the female heart. Kate was annoyed. She saw that Major Lindsay, in spite of her decided language, still cherished the hope of winning her favor; but his conduct was so guarded as to forbid maiden modesty again alluding to the subject. She could only, therefore, endeavor, by a cold and polite behaviour, to show that her sentiments were unchanged, hoping that in time he would tire of the pursuit. She little knew the pertinacity and unscrupulousness of the man with whom she had to deal.

Kate dared not, meanwhile, too closely to examine her own heart. She could not forget the exquisite pleasure which attended her first tête-à-tête with Preston, and her bosom thrilled whenever she thought of what might have been his words if Major Lindsay had not come in. The subsequent coldness and suspicion of Preston had pained her, and she had resolved to punish him for his want of confidence and jealousy, by a little innocent coquetry with Major Lindsay in the evening. Fatal error! When she heard of his speedy departure from his own lips, she regretted for a moment her revenge; but her second feeling was that of anger at his conduct, and hence her assumed indifference.

And yet, after the lapse of months, she felt herself the aggrieved party. Preston ought not to have been so jealous. He had no right to be offended at the show of only ordinary courtesy to a visitor. If he chose to be suspicious and proud, he ought to be taught better by neglect. He had trifled with her, else he would have called again, and sought an explanation. But perhaps he did not love her, perhaps he had meant nothing by his words. She usually ended her reveries at this point with a sigh; and a haughty resolution to discard him from her heart. She would love no one who did not love her.

In a few days Col. Watson left his encampment for Georgetown, where he arrived, harassed by constant attacks, Major Lindsay accompanying him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

All wise words proceed from the heart's integrity.

Falsehood could do little mischief, if it did not gain the credit of truth.

Friendship doubles all our pleasures, and divides all our pains.

Uncharitable persons are generally more unthinking than perversely so.

The pulpit is a clergyman's paradise; his parish is his field of active service.

Our excellent friend NEIL HAMILTON, of the *Marysville Tribune*, has a quaint, direct way of saying things that is admirable. We have seen nothing in its line more to the point than the following from his last paper:

WHAT A LITTLE PUNCTUALITY WOULD DO.—If Jerry Dilatory would pay us the dollar he owes us for the small job we did for him two years ago, we would pay Mr. Drygoods the dollar we owe him; he would pay Sam Vulcan for shoeing his horse; Sam would pay Bob Charcoal for his charcoal; Bob would pay Jo Axeman for his last two days' shopping; Jo would pay Jack Grist for his last bag of cornmeal; Mr. Grist would pay Doctor Esculapian for the medicine that came so near "getting down" his child; "Doc" would pay the widow Broom for her last two days' washing; she would pay "Coke-upon-Littleton" his fee for counsel in the case of "the State of Ohio vs. Bill Grocer;" "Coke-upon-Littleton" could pay Peter Crispin for the mending of his boots; Peter could then go and pay Tim Haystack the dollar he owes him on the hay he bought of him last week; and Tim is such a good honest soul that we know he would come right in and pay us the dollar he owes us on subscription—and then we could buy a chicken, a dozen of eggs, a half-bushel of corn meal to make a "lodger" and we, ourselves, individually, and our "lodger" would "boast one splendid banquet once a year;" and we would spend a dime in our pocket, "baby in the cradle, and little while to rock it."

But because Jerry Dilatory is not honest enough to pay—not one of these debts can be paid, and we cannot have the feast of "fat things," at all. Ah, Jerry Dilatory! You are the cause of all this trouble. You prevent all this happiness. It requires all our forbearance to keep from giving you "particulars." We feel as though we would like to take a scythe and mow down a ten acre field of such men. They are exasperations on society, that mar its beauty and harmony, clog its energies, destroy its peace, and waste its substance.

Still men are so, and we suppose they will stay so a little while yet, but we do hope there is a better time coming—a time, when to owe a man and not pay him will be considered akin to stealing—when all will adopt the Scriptural motto—"Owe no man anything."

Gas-How Made.

Illuminating or coal gas is manufactured by placing a small quantity of coal into a strong retort, somewhat resembling a small cylindrical steam boiler. This retort is placed over a fire and heated to a very low temperature, when the coal is changed into a kind of gas, a substance called tar, and an ammoniacal liquor. A pipe from the retort conveys these mixtures into the bottom of a tank of water, and the gases being lighter, rise to the surface, but the tar and ammoniacal liquor are condensed and remain in the tank. The gas, after cooling, is again purified by passing through lime water, when it is ready for distribution.

Be Gentlemen at Home.

There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing a license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother will speak harsh words to those whom he loves the best, and to those who love him the best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken.—It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times to his wife or sister, than he would dare to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the holiest affections of man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the kindness and politeness of life to there not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his household, is a small coward, and a very mean kind. Kind words are the circulating medium between true gentleness and true ladies' honor, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those who are together by God's own tie of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

A RASA.—"Sonny, said a traveller when passing over a barren piece of land to a boy whom he met, I don't see anything growing about here, what does your father raise on this land?"

"Wall he raises grasshoppers, hoptoads, tumble-bugs, and some other vegetables, yesterday he raised a double breasted pig right under the window, and mother raised Ned because he put it there!"

Do not all that you can; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know.

Why is an Editor and Preacher alike? Because they don't know what to stop.

If you want a good start in the world marry a widow with 12 children.

In Hindostan,